

THE

APRIL, 1939

QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



That's News!

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

THIS is the story of a scoop that cost a correspondent a pair of shoes. It has as its hero modest, likable James R. Young, Tokio correspondent for *INS*, and came to this department from that constant supplier of good newspaper stories, Burl Ely.

The setting was Tokio. A war-time cabinet was being formed to take over the government's affairs in the midst of a war in Manchuria. The world wanted to know who would make up the cabinet—what its policies would be. Only a few hours remained before the New York morning wire closed. Jimmy decided on a direct appeal to the man who was premier-designate—Tsuyoshi Inukai.

It was a long chance—since past experience indicated it would be almost impossible to reach a responsible official personally, surrounded as he would be by guards, police, gendarmes and a corps of secretaries.

At midnight—Saturday, Dec. 13, 1931—Young took an automobile to the private home of Inukai in the suburbs of Tokio. It was cold—and there was snow on the ground. Tents in front of the house covered a hundred or more guards, Japanese reporters and cameramen. Charcoal fires were keeping them warm as they noted the arrival and departure of every guest.

YOUNG told his chauffeur to wait. He went along the garden path, past the tents on either side as curious eyes followed his fast pace toward the main door of a Japanese style house ablaze with lights. No one stopped him and he reached the door.

Dozens and dozens of shoes were parked at the entrance—for one removes one's shoes upon entering a Japanese home. He managed to get his shoes off and made a few leaps into the front hallway to avoid getting his feet on cold stones and snow.

"I stood there in a packed hallway," he relates, "filled with political henchmen of every type. Men in morning coats, frock coats; silk hats all around. Police and more police. It was more like the Premier had been assassinated than just having received the Emperor's appointment to form a cabinet.

"I tried some English on a few of the individuals who seemed overcome with a foreigner in their presence. There was much chattering. A young fellow with a smattering of English asked for my name card. Name cards in Japan are as essential as a morning coat and top hat.

"What did I want? Whither had I arrived? This young man was showing his associates he knew some English? He was

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New Trends in Newspaper Making



Palmer Hoyt

General Manager, Portland Oregonian.

THE American newspaper has undergone a tremendous metamorphosis in the past few years. This statement is obvious, almost trite.

There are several outstanding evidences of this change.

First, increasing objectivity in news display and treatment.

Second, the noticeable trend toward differentiation between editorial opinion as such and news as such. In other words, the tendency of 1938 is to put news on the news pages and editorials on the editorial page, which is not only a sound procedure but a vital one.

Third, increased use of pictures.

Fourth, departmentalization of news.

Fifth, brightening up of inside pages.

I think a Sixth might be added—a drawing back from the tendency of 5 years ago to over-feature back to a general trend of a more balanced newspaper with a greater emphasis on news, which, in my opinion, is very sound because, after all, a newspaper's principal reason for existence is to disseminate the news of the day.

There are, of course, many other changes from former practices. However, I believe that these are the outstanding ones.

THE increased use of pictures is a change apparent to all. So apparent that he who walks, or runs, or rides a streetcar may see and note it at a glance.

When I was asked recently: "Are you using more pictures in the daily than before?" I went to the files and got copies of the *Oregonian* for 1908, 1918 and 1928, then compared them on a basis of picture content with the *Oregonian* of Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1938.

The November, 1908, *Oregonian* had one cartoon, 2 one-column cuts, for a total of

How the Press Is Endeavoring To Keep Pace With the Times

By PALMER HOYT

30 inches or 1½ columns. This against a 16-page paper of approximately 85 column news hole.

The November issue of 1918 carried 1 cartoon, 1 three-column map and 1 one-column cut. In other words, 3 pieces of art totaled 45 inches, or approximately 2 columns out, of a news hole around 90 columns.

In 1928, the *Oregonian* had become a little more picture-minded; not yet as to its front page which was still sterile and bare of pictures but inside in a 20-page paper I found 7 regular pictures of various sizes, from one-column up, 2 cartoons and 9 ½-column cuts. This represented a total of 18 pictures, utilizing 177 inches, or approximately 9 columns.

In 1938, the Nov. 1, 22-page issue disclosed 41 pieces of art including 4 cartoons. These pictures totaled 21 columns, which, against a 107 column news hole, disclosed the fact that we are running 20 per cent photos.

OUR tendency, too, is upward with relation to pictures. We are going to use more pictures as time goes along and my guess is that we will wind up somewhere around the 30 per cent mark.

I was very much interested in the talk given recently by Kent Cooper, general manager of the *Associated Press*, in which he said that the coming newspaper would be 50 per cent word text and 50 per cent pictures. I think Mr. Cooper overesti-

mated the probable ultimate use of pictures in the daily paper.

I find that while pictures are tremendously popular there is still a great demand among our subscribers for what Col. William Rockhill Nelson used to call "readin' matter." A possible measuring stick on how far newspapers will go with pictures might be seen in the present usage by the tabloids.

The *New York Daily News* in the issue of Oct. 27 had a total of 64 tabloid pages, or 32 standard pages. In this issue of the *News* there were 56 photos. 36 individual photos, a good half of them ½-column cuts. These 56 pictures took up 28 columns out of an 84-column news hole. In other words, the tabloid *New York News*, a picture paper, devoted 33 1/3 per cent of its space to photos and cartoons, 66 2/3 per cent of its space to "readin' matter."

For the very good reason that there are only a very few stories that a picture can tell adequately, I think that this 33 1/3 per cent will probably represent a definite maximum for picture usage. It is very seldom that a picture can tell the story completely. Very seldom, indeed. Often use of pictures alone gives a distorted view of an occurrence.

For example, the news pictures of the 1937 Chicago Steel strike which showed policemen beating up strikers, very definitely gave but one side, because I am morally certain, while I saw no news pictures show it, that there were a few rocks

THERE are times when the American press seems to be falling behind the times—not mechanically but in thought and spirit. There are times when it seems, or at least portions of it, hopelessly hidebound and reactionary, unwilling to make any change from the methods that have been "good enough" in the past.

The press, like any other business or profession, must constantly take stock of itself. It must again and again apply the human yardstick to see if it is measuring up to its obligations and the times. Such surveys are interesting, revealing and can be very helpful.

Palmer Hoyt, general manager of the *Portland Oregonian*, who made the accompanying survey of current trends in newspaper publishing, has been active in Oregon journalism since his graduation from the University of Oregon in 1923. He was telegraph editor of the *East Oregonian* for a time, then joined the *Portland Oregonian* in 1926 and has served that paper continuously since. He is national treasurer of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

thrown at the coppers and that a few clubs descended on their heads.

OCCASIONALLY a news picture is so vital, so complete, that it tells the whole story when the caption includes merely the names and the bare facts. One such picture was that prize-winning photograph of the husband and father who arrived at the scene of a New York City automobile crash to find that it was *his* wife and *his* children who were laid out dead by the curb.

All of you doubtless remember that picture which showed the father with his head in his hands. It was a graphic study of human futility and misery and needed little amplification of type.

Another such picture was the famous news photo, the sinking of the *Vestris* which was an unmatched study in human horror. That picture, as you will recall, showed a group of persons about to go over the side of the doomed vessel.

But, by and large, type is needed, and a lot of type, to pick up the loose ends. Best proof of this is in the treatment given by *Life* magazine to its pictures. Since the first issue of *Life* there has been an increasing use of type as such in connection with the pictures.

THE *Oregonian* which is, perhaps, a typical American newspaper is very much picture-minded. We have had a picture page since Jan. 1, 1935, and run as many pictures on the front page as seem to be justified by the picture news of the day and the principles of reasonable makeup.

The *Oregonian* has a staff of 3 photographers and several of our reporters are also trained picture takers.

In a general way our experience with reporters carrying cameras is not very satisfactory. We had so few good results that the project was abandoned early in its career. We find it possible, however, to get a lot of value out of "combination men" and they are available in sufficient quantity for our needs.

In a general way it is a safe prediction to say that the photographic staffs of newspapers will grow and, also in a general way, that over the years, Guild or no Guild, you will find reporters who, picture minded by instinct or training, will carry cameras.

As far as pictures are concerned, *per se*, the *Oregonian* is interested in all types. We are first interested in news pictures as such; second, strip pictures that tell a comprehensive story; third, in freak or feature pictures. I imagine that that is about the order of interest that most newspapers have in picture differentiation. So much for pictures!

AN encouraging indication that newspapers are rising more completely to the tremendous job they have to do is the fact of increasing objectivity in the news columns. This is a national trend and there are many reasons for it. One outstanding reason is, of course, that publishers have found that printing news truthfully and adequately is good business. Another is that it is necessary because of the increas-

ing education available to the average person of today.

It is pretty hard, for example, to print a colored or twisted story about the President of the United States' address to the farmers of America when virtually every reader of the paper will have heard the address himself. Naturally newspapers will never be able to attain entire objectivity in news presentation because it should always be borne in mind that the news stories must ever be written from a viewpoint.

In the case of competent and unprejudiced reporters the viewpoint is of little consequence but it is still there. Because of the fact that one never escapes the viewpoint it will be impossible to achieve 100 per cent objectivity.

In connection with presenting news in an unbiased manner there is the further definite trend noticeable in the newspapers of this country to separate entirely the news and editorial columns. This is particularly evidenced in so-called political columns.

A few years ago every newspaper deemed it necessary to support in such ways as were at its disposal every candidate, measure and issue both editorially and in the news columns. Today, fortunately, there is a gradual diminution of this unsound practice with the result that people of the United States are regaining confidence in their newspapers. And people are quick to notice such things.

IN 1936 the *Oregonian* supported Alf M. Landon very actively editorially but when it came to our news space we placed Democrats and Republicans alike. Some of our competitors did not follow that course and despite the fact that they were on the popular side editorially their news practices cost them circulation.

During those election months of 1936 the *Oregonian* had its greatest gain period in history, due almost entirely to the unbiased and unprejudiced presentation of news. This policy is appreciated by the public, by and large. Resentment is found only in the old guard groups whether they be Democrats or Republicans. During the 1936 campaign, a Republican leader and an outstanding lawyer came to me to protest because we printed so many stories about Roosevelt. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he would be the last person in the world to suggest suppression or distortion of news and then followed with this statement:

"But I still don't see why that speech of Roosevelt's this morning which you had on page one couldn't have been over on page 18 with a one-line head."

Naturally the basic fatuousness of such a viewpoint needs no further explanation. Even if the publisher of a paper desired to pursue such a course the radio alone would prevent it because of the thousands and thousands of readers of the *Oregonian* who would have heard Mr. Roosevelt on the air or would have known through radio channels alone that he had made such a speech.

ANOTHER interesting trend in the changing American newspaper is the tendency of newspapers to departmentalize. Some one made this very salty statement once, "Adaptation is the first law of survival"; and apparently newspapers who are as a general thing very conservative and very unsubject to change despite public opinion to the contrary have realized this. Even if they haven't entirely, with Voltaire, reached the conclusion "He who has not the spirit of his times has all its miseries."

Departmentalization to me is one of the keynotes of the sound, interesting, modern newspaper. It makes the newspaper easier to peruse, encourages a steady reading habit and tends to make the newspaper increasingly a factor in the modern home. Our own experience in departmentalization has been most interesting. We have gone slowly but, I think, soundly and effectively.

One of the keys to our plan of departmentalization is the entire elimination of breaks off page one. We set our front page in a 9 point news ideal on a 10 point slug and with some 25 to 30 stories on the page it is very easy, indeed, to read. Inside we still use 7½ point on an 8 point slug, but I imagine that one of these days we will decide to go at least a ½ point higher, because ease of reading is certainly one of the things that a newspaper has to consider if it is going to keep abreast of the times as it must to survive.

Personally, I think one of the most advanced steps ever taken by the *Oregonian* was the elimination of front page breaks. Strangely enough the average story, if it be lengthy, falls into two natural parts. Good examples of this are such things as an address by the President. Here a 300 word lead is adequate. In italic type, perhaps above the story, is the simple statement, "Text on Page 4."

Another type that falls into this category is the death story. If the death is of such importance to rate page 1, a story, in virtually all cases, not to exceed 250 words will suffice with the line in adequate type "Obituary, page 24." Stories of hearings, bills enacted, and others are very easily handled in this same way.

I can tell you from close observation and experience that the front page entity idea is a good one.

STILL another concrete indication of the changing American newspaper to more readable modernism is seen in the trend of virtually all papers to brighten every page.

We decided to consider our paper on the basis of individual pages, just as though the reader was getting just that one page. It is our general theory to have a picture on every single page of the *Oregonian*, advertising permitting. One of the reasons, I am certain, that we didn't get more reaction to eliminating the breaks off page one from our advertisers was because at the time we did this we made it a point to have every page in the paper as interesting and bright as our limitations would permit.

Still another thing to note in the chang-

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If Editors Were Referees—

Impartial News Presentation Vital to Prestige of the Press

By DON T. MILLER

AT an exhibition basketball game in my town recently one team badly outclassed the other and a lot of clowning was being done. Suddenly the white-trousered referee seized the ball and shot a basket for one of the teams.

The crowd howled. It was very funny.

But in a real game the referee would have been mobbed for taking sides.

Next day I picked up the newspaper I read every morning, a newspaper that is notorious for its anti-administration bias. As usual its editorial column was vitriolic in its comment on national events and as usual its heads and news play were slanted to conform to the editorial policy of the paper.

I couldn't help feeling that there is an analogy between that newspaper and others like it and a referee who might shoot baskets for one team in a serious, hard-fought championship basketball game.

I wonder if any better position might be taken by the American press than that of referee or umpire in the great game of national and international affairs. I wonder if newspaper publishers and editors might not take that attitude with profit to themselves and the nation.

FOR ten years I have been writing editorials for a quite widely read semi-weekly paper published in the county-seat of a large Eastern-Washington county, and under instructions of the publishers I've attempted as best I could to adopt a calm and judicial attitude toward every matter that has been discussed in our editorial columns.

Experience has revealed the policy pays big dividends in reader respect and editorial influence.

Just as a basketball crowd would soon lose all consideration for the decisions of a referee who obviously cast his lot

with one team or the other, so do newspaper readers quickly learn to discount the editorial utterances and news slants of a newspaper which makes no secret of its leanings one way or the other in political affairs.

ANOTHER newspaper, almost as biased as the one mentioned above, came to my desk more recently. In the middle of the front page is a two-line, three column 72-point line which reads, "Airplane Sale Robs U. S. Army."

The story reveals that the army chief of staff told a senatorial committee he felt the recent French aviation mission shouldn't be allowed to purchase planes here until the American army is completely outfitted.

The plane deal is a highly controversial question with much to be said on both sides. The story doesn't bear out in any particular the charge that the U. S. Army has been "robbed." Yet without equivocation that allegation is made in the blackest type on the page.

Either consciously or subconsciously the desk man who wrote that head said to himself as he handled the story, "That head will tickle the old man." That desk man reads the editor's column all right, and whether he agrees with it or not he realizes that his chances of staying with the paper are brightened considerably if he slants the headlines to fit the editorial policy.

And thousands of readers, who don't bother with the editorials, can't help being smashed in the eye with a lopsided picture of a grave national question.

INSIDE the same paper, I found a story telling about a fight being carried on in the state legislature in behalf of several Public Utility District bills. Not a word is said in the story about the Utility Dis-



Don T. Miller

trict lobbyists having money to spend in the fight, but the headline reads: "PUD Defenders Well Heeled."

The policy of the paper is opposed to public utility districts and the headline writer has gone out of his way to give an erroneous impression of the situation in support of the paper's policy.

Any newspaper reader can find a dozen instances of this kind in the news and editorial columns of any one of the majority of daily and weekly newspapers printed in this country.

I certainly don't mean that I am opposed to a newspaper having a "policy." I think it should set up certain standards of justice, honesty, decency and sound judgment by which it is entitled to measure, editorially, every man and every issue of interest to the public.

I do think that its editorial utterances should be based upon those impersonal standards, however, and not upon some personal economic or political prejudices the publisher may have and I think the editorial column should be a forum of fairness which doesn't hesitate to command as well as to condemn.

Then the men who handle the news will feel it possible for them to treat news and headlines with fairness and good judgment such as that displayed by a good basketball referee—calling "fouls" on either side in the political game when they occur in the news and awarding "points" when they are made.

THE basketball referee has certain rules, in other words, by which he judges whether the players are doing a good, honest job out there on the floor.

The newspaper editor should have just as definite rules by which he should judge

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THIS somewhat different slant on the task of an editor and the paper and public he serves comes from a man who has spent nearly a dozen years in the small-city newspaper field in the State of Washington.

Don T. Miller, who has appeared previously in *The Quill*, has been editorial writer for the Okanogan (Wash.) Independent for the last seven years. Prior to that time he had served as farm editor of the Wenatchee Fruit Grower and as N. C. W. editor for the Wenatchee Daily World.



Rollin Kirby

WHEN Hollywood gets around to doing the story of Rollin Kirby's life (and I am giving away a good idea there) no doubt some Mahatma of celluloid will order it opened with a scene of a youth learning to sketch covertly on the white shoeboxes in his father's store and then the camera will be panned to the feet of the thousands whose "steps" have been directed by Mr. Kirby's cartoons.

That would be perfectly fitting, for Mr. Kirby, recipient of the 1935 award of

the Universal Peace League, three-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize for best cartoon of the year and perhaps the most famous political artist in the nation, began to draw that way, while his dad was learning what an inept shoe salesman his son was. That was out in Hastings, Nebr.

Now, at 63, Mr. Kirby strikes hard blows in good causes and thousands shape attitudes through his symbolism. His drawings are not only intelligent, they are examples of sketching board erudi-

Then He

tion; they show the benefit of a wealth of experience, years with great liberal editors and hours with the literati of two generations.

KIRBY, once a pen and pencil hack without enough formal education to supply him with high school anecdotes, today is a man of integrated ideals whose opinions are sought after and who will wear no man's intellectual horsecollar.

He is ready to risk anything for what he thinks is right and on the path of social consciousness.

So great is his power, pictorially, it is not unusual for him to receive letters from men, once as Republican as Rutledge (Vt.), who confess he wore them down, won them over.

HE was born at Galva, Ill. His family moved to Hastings when he was 15. At 18 he entered New York's Art Students League.

Later he went to Paris, where he studied under Whistler; at the Beaux Arts, and Julien's Academy.

While in France, he spent much time at the second Dreyfuss trial and it proved to be the genesis of a cartoonist. For Rollin believed in the innocence of the famous defendant and longed to tell the world about it. His letters to Nebraska were full of the trial and the home folks were bored to tears. They wanted to know if their son was wearing his winter underwear after the 15th of October, whether he had met any live Apaches and what about Paris plumbing and life in a garret?

So, after a time, Mr. Kirby returned to New York and began his career as a painter. He married the former Estelle Carter of the stage and settled down to dispensing Art. He had pictures displayed at the Academy and the Salon. But one day he was visited by a button-nosed individual with a paunch and a dyspeptic appearance who asked, somewhat hur-



Another Blast by the Madman.



The Bottom Falls Out of the "Wonderful Tin Box."

Found a Shoe That Fit—

Rollin Kirby's Forceful Cartoons Have Long Shaped Public Opinion

By CECIL CARNES

Editorial Staff, the New York World-Telegram

riedly, that he wrap up "a light colored dining room painting, about five feet by six feet, because I want to buy it."

Mr. Kirby replied that he didn't sell his art by the yard. The fellow left, but the public slant on painting changed Mr. Kirby into a magazine illustrator.

BUT he soon hated that too—called it "chain stuff." Then one day Edna Ferber's first published story, "The Ugly Heroine," was sent to him for illustration by *Everybody's* magazine. The story was about a fat public stenographer in a hotel, and Miss Ferber got \$66 for it. Mr. Kirby was to get \$200 for illustrating it, so he read the story carefully, drew the gal on the corpulent side, albeit with a sweet countenance, and sent it in.

Nearly everybody at *Everybody's* said it wouldn't do. They couldn't have a fat heroine. Mr. Kirby replied that they had already accepted one—in the story. He got his fee, but another artist worked the pictures over so that only the face of the original girl was published.

"So I decided that there must be something in the world beyond magazine illustrations," Mr. Kirby recalls.

KNOWING Franklin P. Adams, the FPA of so many columns, then working on the New York Mail, he was introduced to Theophilus Niles, editor of the Mail, and thus got his first newspaper job—as a sketch artist.

This was in 1913 and there were a great many more artists on newspapers then

than now, because there were fewer cameramen. The Mail was a hard, reactionary paper, and after a year and a half Mr. Kirby resigned. The New York Sun sent for him, but now the Kirby-consciousness was such that he was not just another penman for hire. He was soon fired from the Sun.

The New York World promptly sent for him. He was assigned to accompany reporters to fires, trials, ship arrivals or wherever a sketch was needed with a story. But the day of the camera was dawning and there were periods when for days he went without an assignment. So he idly sketched a social-minded drawing one afternoon, called it "The Trials of the Rich," flicked it over to Charles M. Lincoln, then managing editor, put on his hat and went home. The next day he was asked if he could do more and make a series of the idea. He said he could and did, but later changed the title to "Sights of the Town," which was not so limited, and thus he inaugurated a style of drawing which is still running today in cartoons such as Denys Wortman's "Metropolitan Movies."

His series ran for a long time, and in the course of it Mr. Kirby became acquainted with Frank I. Cobb, whom he describes as "the greatest liberal editor I ever knew." For Mr. Cobb the Kirby pen, with simplicity and force, began turning out political cartoons.

This has been Mr. Kirby's métier ever since. His first drawing was on Charles Murphy of Tammany Hall. It was cap-

tioned "Louis the XIVth St." because Fourteenth St., New York City, was the location of Tammany Hall, which in those days was synonymous with ignorant, arrogant civic control, and gravy from the public trough. So Murphy was shown swaggering through the "Garden of Versailles," saying "I am the State."

THE Kirby cartoons stripped ideas to the bone and rarely used labels. He used white space with great effect. Mr. Kirby has done this for 27 years, even though he has known the pressure of some editors who wanted him to clutter up his drawings with symbolical claptrap.

"The cartoon should be simple, but the idea should explode in the reader's face," he says. "A good drawing is desirable, but the idea's the thing. A good drawing never saved a bad idea, but good ideas have built luxurious homes for poor sketchers."

But, as his fellow craftsmen will testify, Mr. Kirby always could draw well, and always had striking ideas which turned out to be the essence of the question at hand.

So to the New York crusades, behind the banner of Cobb the Lion-Hearted, for whom Mr. Kirby can never find enough praise. Tammany, prohibition, World War Huns, looting of the New Haven Railroad assets. Oil scandals. Ku Klux Klan. Entrenched privilege was smacked whenever investigation disclosed it, and his drawings dramatized it, visualized it for all who could see.

As Walter Lippmann once said, "His cartoons helped to expose the underlying meanness and self-complacency of the days when the new economic era was promoting a frenzy of greedy speculation . . . and he fought the ignoble character of prohibition. His hard blows are meant to hurt and confound, but never are they venomous. They never are embittered to the point which is so often reached in

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The Sower.



Into the Fires of Hell!



Robert K. Richards

Who tells the story of the struggle that produced Emerson Price's first novel.

IF it is true that genius is born of adversity, then we can say that Emerson Price's novel, "Inn of That Journey," took root in fertile soil.

Every page of the book is a chronicle grown of the incidents which enriched the author's life in sweet experience and the sugar turned to starch.

PPRICE was born in Dublin, O., on April 2, 1902, an incident he favors with slight emphasis. His father was principal of the town's high school, lineage direct American, his mother a courageous and lovable Irish woman. Emerson was the fifth of five children.

Being the fifth, possibly he had too many leisure hours to himself. Perhaps then he went down to the creek bank and lay on his belly in the dirt, there to reflect on the complex currents that flowed in Life, more complex than those in that stream there.

He would deny this, because he remembers the harsh routine of daily chores and the dubious discipline of grammar school. But certainly those years were the first stop and the last stop and the life everlasting of the novel that was to simmer in him for a score of years before it came to a boil.

"INN OF THAT JOURNEY" concerns the early years and destiny of a gang of small-town hoodlums. Their escapades will take you back to the turbulent days, if you're of the vintage, when Duck on the Rock, Creased Stock and Cops and Robbers were played under the flickering glow of corner street lamps.

The account concerns specifically one Mark Cullen, by odd coincidence the son of a small-town schoolmaster, and his cronies, Soap Dodger (Soapy) Pendleton, Nutsie Doane, Wickie Winters and Cockie Werner.

There's Flossie Kershner, also, lurid

Some Men Must Write

It Took Emerson Price Seven Years, However, to Finish His First Novel

By ROBERT K. RICHARDS

lady of Scatterfield, O., geographical center of the novel. Flossie is an extracurricular attraction in the education of Scatterfield's youth, after her fashion, as are John Delaney, Lew Vortz, Charlie Heston and the others.

But these are people of the pages, whose birth came after the growth of their progenitor.

PPRICE, at an early age, moved with his family to Linworth, O., and later to a community in Central Ohio. There he was graduated from grammar school. There he moved in the mystic environs of small boy gangdom. There, a sensitive child (this he must have been because he's tough today), he felt the first surge of dissatisfaction that was to pursue him and drive him from jungle camp to park bench, and may yet drive him farther.

Price entered a Columbus high school. He was expelled for truancy. He went to another, his unsavory classroom record preceding him. During these times he arose daily at 4:30 a. m. to sweep out a Columbus drugstore. With the pittance he received, he bought textbooks. In the evenings, after school, he worked at odd jobs. He wasn't a sturdy child and the very physical torture of 18-hour days sapped him. One day he asked to be excused from school, for a perfectly innocent reason.

"You," said the principal, after consulting the boy's record, "can never be excused from this school for any reason."

So Price got his hat and walked out of the school and he hasn't been in one since, except on sundry (and distasteful) news assignments.

This was the time, indeed, when the compass needle of Price's Progress lost its magnet and fluttered aimlessly around the dial. One supposes it didn't regain polar attraction until that day seven years ago when Price walked into the office of the Akron Times-Press, a ravaged soul, and launched his newspaper career.

PPRICE worked for a time as an usher in Keith's theater in Columbus after his school days ended, then later labored in a glass factory. Here he ladled peanut butter jars in and out of a kiln on a ten-foot paddle. For five minutes out of each hour he was given a rest period, respite from the blistering oven heat. These precious moments he spent dunking his head in a barrel of water.

Later he was employed by a commission merchant and it was at this juncture in his floundering, when he was 18 years

of age, that he suddenly said to himself: "Price, you're a dumbbell. You don't know enough."

Today, modesty's child, he says the same thing.

Having learned that he had not learned enough, Price attacked Darwin's work and Spencer; he studied anatomy and read fiction with lavish vigor. The divergence in his required reading made as little difference to him then as it does now. But he learned, the hard way.

Midnight oil gave no escape from drudgery, however. He left the commission merchant to become a rivet heater in a car factory, was advanced to timekeeper. Shortly, thereafter, the firm folded, quietly, inauspiciously, but firmly, leaving a dearth of time to be kept.

MEANWHILE, Price had joined one of those "Let's Be Friends" writing clubs known as "Contacts." You write to Joe Doakes in Oshkosh and relate your woes; he replies, commiseratively, and recounts his.

Only Price wrote to Jack Conroy, a laboring man of Moberly, Mo.

This man Conroy must be high grade steel, if Price is a true prophet. In those days he was working grueling hours in a Missouri mill and belaboring his typewriter at night. He was sincere in his ambition to write, although he did put his sentences together with yardstick words. But he had guts and he was militant and those are the qualities important here. They were contagious. Price was infected.

Conroy finally found his way to Toledo, O., where he helped launch a magazine, *The Spider*, considered at the time a radical publication. It was probably tame stuff to similar enterprises today.

Price was a contributor to *The Spider* up until the time it was caught in its own webb and strangled to death: lack of subscribers, lack of funds. Then Price caught on as English editor of *Earth-Pamantall*, an English-Rumanian review. He wrote in these days under the name of "Hugh Hanley."

It was under this name, too, that he joined an organization (Conroy, instigator) called "Rebel Poets." Price was breaking out in a literary rash.

"Poets" soon launched a newsletter, under the same title. This Conroy finally adopted and renamed *The Anvil*. Price was on deck again with his sprouting pen.

PPRICE did not subsist on the fat of the land, you may well imagine. He was threadbare in spirit as well as habiliment.

and Do—

He worked on automobile assembly lines, in steel mills, at a hundred things; he bummed his way when he couldn't buy; he learned the fine art of somnolent balance on a park bench and he sometimes went hungry. It wasn't, probably, that he was destitute. He had a home somewhere, he knew, but he also had a chronic case of pride to spur him toward his vision. He wanted to write and he was going to write.

He contributed to *The Wasp*, edited by the late Tom O'Flaherty, brother of that famous Irish literary man, Liam O'Flaherty. He kept seeing Jack Conroy, his best friend then and now, and he noticed, watching Conroy's work, that more order was coming to his composition, more force of expression.

Then parts of Conroy's book, "The Disinherited," were accepted by H. L. Mencken for publication in the *American Mercury* and it was the undoing of our friend Price. He knew he had a novel in him and knew it must be dug out, if he had to do it with his fingernails.

Skip the long, beastly days this young fellow spent riding the rods back and forth across America, looking for calm to reef his sails; skip the long nights he spent in jungle camps, in parks and transient stalls; the dusks when he ducked yard bulls and the chill dawns when hunger brought nausea; these things, and the bitter headache of youth scorned.

Howard Wolf was city editor of the *Akron Beacon-Journal*. Later he was to write "Rubber—A Story of Glory and Greed," a complete compendium on the industry. Price finally went to Wolf. He wanted to work for a newspaper, he said. No, he never had worked on a newspaper and he was 28 years old. Wolf had no berth for him. He sent him to the rival daily, the *Times-Press*.

IT took time. Price trudged many weary miles from his room to the editorial offices before he landed that job. At length,

Walter Morrow, editor, saw his determination (maybe saw his need, too, for they say Morrow's a kind man) and put him on at \$20 a week.

Price did all right. He was on rewrite. He saw people come and go. He watched their style. Bill Dowdell was one of them. Bill had a style. It was like this. Jerky. Sure. No motions wasted. Boiled down and hard-boiled.

And Price thought of the things he had been through and remembered his boyhood with the small-town gang and getting booted out of school and the glass factory and he wrote Conroy, back in Moberly again, a long letter. Conroy returned the letter. He said, "Rewrite it and send it to Mencken." It was a letter about kids and their problems and it had true pathos. Mencken bought the article.

It was a hypodermic. Price started furiously on a thing he called "Under Dust They Lie" and the thing grew to six parts. He sent them to Mencken. They were rejected, with the advice that they be combined into a book.

Price rewrote the whole works and shelved it. He dusted it off one day and rewrote it again, adding a few more chapters. It was about kids in a small town and how they grew. He rewrote it again. Then he decided the kids had to die. So he started killing them off, because that's life. He wrote, rewrote and started again.

FIVE years had passed since he launched "Under Dust." He talked with a manuscript scout for a big publishing house. She read the unfinished book. She told him to finish it.

So Price went to his boss of the *Times-Press* and said he had to have a month's leave because he was writing a book. He got the leave and went to a little place in Indiana and finished the book. He dressed it for submission to the scout. She was living in Indianapolis and when he found her she said she had just quit the publishing company—after 20 years' service. He sent it to Conroy's agent, to this publisher and that. Each time it was returned. "It lacks direction," most of the criticisms commented.

So Price said, "To hell with it," and



Emerson Price

Whose first novel, "Inn of That Journey," was well received.

shelved it again. Six months passed. Price left the *Times-Press* and went to work on the *Cincinnati Post*. His boss was—and is—Dowdell, now city editor of the *Post*.

THE *Post's* contract with the Guild chapter gave Price an extra day off each week. So he got that "damned manuscript" down again and curried it. He had heard of a publishing house, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., directed by a J. H. Gipson, who was said to encourage new writers. Off went the manuscript to Caxton.

"This," came Gipson's reply, "is the best first novel I have ever accepted."

Price made a couple of passes at the nearest bar and went home to tell his wife.

So Price is now, in addition to a rewrite man, a novelist and "Inn of That Journey" (Under Dust They Lie" was abandoned) came off the presses Jan. 2, 1939. It was the first New Year in seven that Price hadn't resolved, "I must rewrite that novel."

IN the book's foreword, it is written, "The hunger, loneliness and inchoate yearnings of the Scatterfield boys have also been the author's."

Maybe this is why Price can say honestly, as he does: "If the book can be said to have any definite plan, I wanted to show that man's life often is a final by-product of first impressions. If the book seems to lack direction, as it has been said to, then I may defend that circumstance only by saying that I have found no direction in life."

But there's another line in that foreword you should read, the final sentence: "It is a book to be read, and if you don't read it, the more fool you and the more loser you."

Now who could have written that militant challenge? Who, but Jack Conroy.

WRITING a novel—in case you had thought differently—appears to be no easy task. Something like—if you'll pardon the expression—the seven-year itch. You have it, you want to get rid of it and wonder if you ever will.

Whether you ever have intended to write a novel or not—we believe you will be interested in the account Robert Richards has penned of Emerson Price and his struggle toward a writing career. Here's hoping it will make you more determined than ever to finish that novel you've been thinking about—instead of discouraging you.

Bob Richards was graduated from Ohio State University in 1934. He became a copy writer in a Detroit advertising agency; then a continuity writer for WHKC in Columbus, O.; next joined the staff of the *Cincinnati Post*. Last October he turned again to radio, joining the staff of WSPD at Toledo.

THE history of American journalism offers perhaps no more curious figure than that of Mrs. Anne Newport Royall, who edited a weekly newspaper in Washington, D. C., from 1831 to 1854, first called *Paul Pry* (1831-1836) and later *The Huntress* (1836-1854).

None of the existent biographical material on Mrs. Royall's life deals adequately with her journalistic career which covered a span of almost a quarter-century and the purpose of the present study is to offer a fresh approach to this period of her activity.

Accordingly the years leading up to her editorship will be summarized in the briefest possible form.

ANNE NEWPORT is said to have been born June 11, 1769, in Maryland, one of two children. She was reared amid the hazards of frontier life and her mother's both first and second husbands are thought to have perished in Indian raids.

The twice-widowed mother at length appears to have gained a livelihood for herself and daughter Anne as a housekeeper in the home of a Maj. William Royall, who had served in the American army in the War of the Revolution. The Major was a wealthy man, and lived on an estate near what is now Sweet Springs, W. Va. (Monroe County).

Although at least a score of years separated the youthful Anne and the Major, a friendship which ripened into attachment sprang up between them, and on Nov. 18, 1797, they were married.

Sixteen years of apparently felicitous married life followed, terminated by the Major's death in 1813. The Major was of a literary and philosophical turn of mind, and with the aid of his extensive library, succeeded in giving his unlettered wife a liberal education. The bulk of the property was left to Mrs. Royall by the will, but acrimonious relatives almost at once commenced litigation to break the will and the ensuing law-suits occupied nearly a decade of time.

OF Mrs. Royall it could really be said that "life begins at 40." Restless by nature, Mrs. Royall now commenced her famous travels. From 1817 to 1823, accompanied by two slaves, she traveled throughout the South. Her "Letters from Alabama," although not published until 1830, were written from 1817 to 1822 on sundry occasions. In 1823, while in Alabama, news reached Mrs. Royall that the effort to break the Major's will had succeeded. She now traveled to Alexandria, Va., across the Potomac from Washington, as she hoped to get a pension from Congress as the widow of a Revolutionary officer. Unfortunately, however, a statute of limitations provided pensions only for widows of soldiers married before 1794 and she had married in 1797. A special bill would be required to grant her a pension and this proved difficult to pass.

Mrs. Royall, always impatient at delay, with the financial backing of some friends (probably Masons, as her husband had belonged to this order), recommenced her travels. She visited New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and then into the

South once more. During this time she became what might be called the American version of Mrs. Trollope filling the dual role of tourist and author. Within a period of five years, although on the road most of the time, she issued the following 11 volumes:

"Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States," by a Traveller, New Haven, 1826.

"The Tennessean, a Novel Founded on Facts," New Haven, 1827.

"The Black Book, a Continuation of Travels in the United States," Washington, D. C., 1828-1829. 3 vols.

"Pennsylvania," Washington, D. C., 1829. 2 vols.

"A Southern Tour," Washington, D. C., 1830-1831. 3 vols.

"Letters from Alabama," Washington, 1830.

MRS. ROYALL wrote in a pungent style and often lampooned without mercy those who had given her real or fancied rebuffs. She earned her expenses by the sale of the books and the help of some of her Masonic friends. She often felt the pinch of poverty. As a writer she was inclined to incorporate too much detail in her books. If she did not agree with an idea or a principle, she would expose to view its seamy side, or damn it with faint praise. Her choice of words was extraordinary considering her early background.

"The Tennessean" was her only novel and is a rambling tale. "The Tennessean" ought to have been the American novel to end all American novels," observes George S. Jackson.

Illustrative of Mrs. Royall's sales technique, is the following excerpt from Associate Justice Mr. Joseph Story's letter to his wife from Washington, March 8, 1827:

"We have the famous Mrs. Royall here, with her new novel, the 'Tennessean,' which she has compelled the Chief Justice [John Marshall] and myself to buy, to avoid a worse castigation. I shall bring it home for your edification."

Mrs. Royall always interviewed the great and near-great and incorporated descriptions of them in her books, as pleased her fancy. She excelled at descriptions of

PAUL

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

PAUL PRY.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

TERMS.—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum in advance and balance at the end of the year.

And when the company had entered, Madame Gontaut went up to the little mate monarch, and said, "Sire, suffering; we shall have no ball this evening." The king put his mouth close to



Grandma of the

By CEDRIC L.

Illustrated by Ven

communities and towns. By 1827 she was already quite well known. President John Quincy Adams was able to record in his diary on Aug. 9, 1827, the following:

"Mrs. Royall came from Boston in the same stage with my son Charles. She is going to Plymouth, and traveling about the country to make another book. She continues to make herself noxious to many persons; tolerated by some and feared by others, by her deportment and her books; treating all with a familiarity which often passes for impudence, insulting those who treat her with incivility, and then lampooning them in her books. Stripped of all her sex's delicacy, but unable to forfeit its privilege of gentle treatment from the other, she goes about like a virago-errant in enchanted armor, and redeems herself

THE QUILL for April, 1939



the Sob Sister

EDRIC LARSON

ated by Verne Minge

from the cravings of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currency they give to her publications."

THE aftermath of the *Affaire William Morgan* (of 1826) which had rocked the United States made anti-Masons plentiful, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Royall, who was an ardent supporter of the order. By her outspoken expressions she earned the disapprobation of many members of Congress and some churchmen, on whose toes she had trodden by her philippics, written and oral. She felt for one thing that her pension claim had been deliberately sidetracked. In an effort to silence the woman, she was brought to trial in the United States Circuit Court of the District of Columbia in June, 1829. The result of

famine" to General Jackson's being President, or in other words, care not what calamities befall the country unless they can be in office and power, would even rejoice at such a prospect. Public opinion must enforce a law in this country, or it cannot be

a preliminary trial was her acquittal on two of three charges preferred against her, but she came up for subsequent trial on the charge of being a common scold (*communis rixatrix*).

The trial took place before three judges and a jury, the accused was found guilty, fined \$10 and required to give \$50 surety for good behavior for one year, which sum was put up by friends.

The *United States v. Ann Royall* is a curious and perhaps unprecedented case and attracted wide attention. In her account of the trial, Mrs. Royall thus satirized the judges:

"He [Judge Cranch] is younger than the Chief Justice [John Marshall]; has a longer face, with a good deal of the pumpkin in it. . . . Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch, and harder featured. He is laughing proof. He looks as though he had sat upon the rack all his life, and lived upon crab-apples. They are both about fifty years of age. The sweet Morsel [Judge Morsell], who seems to sit for his picture, is the same age, his face round and wrinkled and resembles the road on Giandott, after the passage of a troop of hogs. He is thick and short. They all have a worn look and never was [were] three judges better matched in faces."

As for the jury, "it would puzzle Hogarth to paint them," she declared. About a dozen witnesses took the stand against her, with only a few in her behalf, one of whom was John Henry Eaton, Secretary of War. In the cabinet of Jackson the celebrated division had occurred over Eaton's marriage to Peggy O'Neale Timberlake. Perhaps Secretary Eaton testified in her behalf as Mrs. Royall is supposed to have espoused warmly his side of the marriage controversy. She is said to have written a play around the episode entitled "The Cabinet, or Large Parties in Washington," which the Jackson press acclaimed, but was never acted and which has not come down to us. In Adams' novel, "The Gorgeous Hussy," Anne's pen does good service in defending Peggy from her traducers.

At any rate, as a result of the trial, which must have shaken the woman somewhat, Mrs. Royall decided to travel again,

and spent some months in the South. Her increasing age made this form of life arduous. At length, like a character in one of Joseph C. Lincoln's novels, she determined to come back to the scene of her tribulations and live down her notoriety. After all, she had many sympathizers and friends in Washington and she still hoped for a pension. She resolved finally to launch a newspaper in the capital city, partly to vindicate herself and partly to earn a livelihood.

ON Dec. 3, 1831, her initial journalistic venture made its *debut* in Washington under the peculiar title of *Paul Pry*. Her weekly newspaper came out uninterrupted until the late spring of 1854, although she changed its name to *The Huntress* in 1836.

At this juncture it will be profitable to survey the Fourth Estate of the infant capital at the time Mrs. Royall entered the lists. The life of an editor at best was a hazardous one in the District of Columbia during the first half of the Nineteenth Century—competition was keen and profits were slim.

Washington's "newspaper cemetery" abounded with names during this period. One bibliography alone compiled by Yale Millington lists 93 newspaper titles in the District from 1820 to 1850. Not more than six or seven newspapers existed at any one time, however. Many of these enterprises in printer's ink were short-lived sheets of the multifarious splinter parties and factions which flourished in that era. Mrs. Royall's chief contemporaries may be said to have been those organs which enjoyed the official patronage in the days before the Government Printing Office existed.

Amid such circumstances it was no small feat for Mrs. Royall to keep her journalistic bark afloat for twenty-three years, when fly-by-night papers were the rule and not the exception. This alone is quite a tribute to the newspaper acumen and persistence of the woman.

Mrs. Royall, however, had certain advantages on which to capitalize at the outset of her editorship. Perhaps the chief of these was her reputation. In 1829 she wrote, "I am personally known to more people than any one person, perhaps, in the Union," which although an overstatement nonetheless is indicative of her widely known personality.

She devoted her efforts to "propagandist and even muckraking causes" generally regarded as a "queer, unattractive, but intelligent character." Mrs. Royall has rightly been called "a malformed literary genius." She was peculiar in her behavior, a sort of Gertrude Stein of the Jacksonian era.

AS for the editorial policy of *Paul Pry*, she announced in her salutary issue:

"... our course will be a straight forward one, as heretofore; the same firmness which has ever distinguished our pen, will be maintained. To this end let it be understood, that as we are of no party, we will neither oppose nor advocate any man for the Presidency. The welfare and happi-

ness of our country is our politics. To promote this, we shall oppose and expose all and every species of political, civil, and religious frauds, without fear, favor or affection. We shall patronize merit of whatsoever country, sect, or politics. We shall advocate the liberty of the press, the liberty of speech, and the liberty of conscience."

The paper was published each Saturday, the subscription terms being 'two dollars and fifty cents per annum, one dollar to be paid in advance and the balance at the end of four months.' The paper had a 12" x 18" format of four columns to the page, and four pages to the issue. On page one were generally advertisements, foreign news or perhaps a literary story. The two inside pages were generally devoted to editorials and domestic politics, especially when Congress was in session. The last page was taken up with advertisements, poems, short pieces and fillers. Copies of her newspapers are today among *Americana Rara* and the only complete files in existence are in the custody of the Rare Book Room in the Library of Congress.

Mrs. Royall is said to have printed her newspaper on "a secondhand, ramshackle old Ramage printing-press" and with the help of two orphan boys and the printer, issued her paper. Shortly a Mrs. Sarah Stack, nicknamed "Sally," joined Mrs. Royall and the two women lived inseparably until the time of Mrs. Royall's death in 1854.

Space forbids more than a cursory examination of these papers, about which a thesis might well be written. In general, the causes for which Mrs. Royall stood were: separation of church and state, publicity of political corruption wherever found, sound money, free public education, liberal laws for immigration, territorial expansion, encouragement of inventions, betterment of laboring conditions, and free speech and free press. More than one nefarious logrolling scheme was ingloriously exposed by Mrs. Royall. On the whole she supported Jackson pretty thoroughly.

With the issue of December 2, 1836, she changed the name of her newspaper to *The Huntress*, and remarked:

"As I look upon all professions of devotion to the public, in the commencement of a newspaper, in the light of empty boasting—shall only say that the *Huntress* will not differ materially from its predecessor. It will advocate no party in politics, nor no sect in religion; but will expose corruption, hypocrisy and usurpation, without favor or affection, in ALL.

"My stand shall be precisely where it always has been—on the side of the PEOPLE. On this point I have always been firm and inflexible, which is well known. . . ."

HER newspapers are mines of information on District and national history, although the reader must often be wary of her personal bias. About 700 personal descriptions of definite historic value may be found in the files of her newspapers.

The Huntress in general was more of a literary nature than its predecessor and



Cedric Larson

Mr. Larson, whose biographical article on Anne Royall, one of journalism's most interesting figures, appears in this issue, is a graduate of Stanford University where he was a member of the Stanford Daily staff. Following the granting of his A.B. degree, he remained for a year's graduate work and then went to Washington in June, 1935.

In Washington he worked with the Department of Labor, then joined the staff of the Library of Congress, with which he is still associated. He has received his master's degree from George Washington University, has taught history in the George Washington High School in Alexandria, Va., and has contributed articles to a number of magazines in the last two years—including *Public Opinion Quarterly*, *American Speech*, *Journalism Quarterly*, *Colophon*, *American Scholar*, *Writer's Digest*, and *National Municipal Review*.

Keenly interested in research, he has been gathering material on Mrs. Royall for a couple of years and has completed an annotated bibliography of every article or book that has ever carried anything connected with America's pioneer woman reporter.

contained many excerpts from well known writers of the day. Mrs. Royall was fond of the rising Dickens, and might easily have stepped out from between the covers of one of his novels herself. As has been remarked, her choice of words was extraordinary. Any student of the American language could profitably peruse her papers. For instance the following filler occurs in *The Huntress* for November 21, 1840:

"O.K. FOR THE LADIES.—The ladies, God bless them, have decided that O.K. means *only kissing*, nothing else in the world."

H. L. Mencken cites the initial use of this universal term as April 15, 1840, and the incorporation of such a filler in *The Huntress* within a relatively short time afterward is certainly an instance of how Mrs. Royall must have constantly been on the qui vive for the new and unusual.

Before the construction of the telegraph lines around the middle of the 1840's, Washington newspapers were eagerly sought all over the land for the political news. Mrs. Royall's newspapers were widely copied and read for governmental happenings. When the telegraph gradually enmeshed the nation, however, Washington papers declined correspondingly in importance as editors in other cities could depend upon news over the wire. Mrs. Royall's paper shared this common fate of the other sheets of the national capital after 1845. With the coming of the telegraph, papers began to send their own correspondents to Washington also.

AT the height of her editorial career, in 1836, Mrs. Royall was paid a visit by the showman Phineas T. Barnum, and the meeting of these "two paragons of human energy" is a fascinating story. Barnum says of her: "Anne was the most garrulous old woman I ever saw. Her tongue ran like wildfire."

To most people, Mrs. Royall doubtless appeared to be something of a professional Philistine. Like Ishmael of old, it seemed as if her hand was against every man, and every man's hand against her, yet she did have a number of commendable qualities. Many of the "Royallisms" which abound in her newspapers shed some light on the human and kindlier side of her nature.

A gentle reply to abusive language is the most severe revenge. Her natural bent, however, was in the direction of telling criticism, and most of her articles wind up on the same old tremolo note of combativeness.

After the 1850's an unmistakable feeling of almost *Weltschmerz* creeps into her newspaper. She seemed to sense the sands of her lifespan were running out, and she trod more softly, with only occasional flashes of her old-time vehemence. The last issue of the 12" x 18" format of *The Huntress* appeared on May 27, 1854, when the aged editor wrote:

"We shall issue no '*Huntress*' for some weeks, if ever. We are tired of newspapers, and shall publish a paper in pamphlet form." Three issues of her newspapers in pamphlet style (7" x 8") were brought out in June and July of 1854. She must have had a premonition of her impending death, for in the July 24 and last issue, she remarked: "Perhaps we may never publish another paper. Life is uncertain, though we are at the present writing in perfect health." Her swan-song editorial in the same issue is worth quoting in full:

"CONGRESS.—We trust in heaven for three things. First—that members may give us the means to pay for this paper, perhaps three or four cents a member—a few of them are behind hand; but the fault was not theirs; it was owing to Sall's sickness. Others again have paid us from two to six dollars. Our printer is a poor man, and we have but thirty-one cents in the world, and for the first time since we have resided in the city (thirty years), we were unable to pay our last month's rent, only six dollars. Had not our landlord been one of the best of men, we should have been stript by

this time; but we shall get that from our humble friends.

"Second.—That Washington may escape that dreadful scourge, the Cholera.

"Our third prayer is that the Union of these States may be eternal."

OF all the millions of words that Mrs. Royall penned, none reveals the motivating force of her life—an ardent patriotism—more strikingly than this her last utterance, which has been chiseled on the granite monument which graces her resting place in the Congressional Cemetery: "I pray that the Union of these States may be eternal."

Mrs. Royall passed away on Sunday morning, Oct. 1, 1854, at the advanced age of 85 years. The *Daily Evening Star* of Washington for Oct. 2, devoted 24 lines to her obituary notice, which ended with the words: "To the hour of her death she preserved all the peculiarities of thought, temper, and manners, which at one time rendered her so famous throughout the land."

THIS account would scarcely be complete, without some account of the growth of what might be termed the Royall legend, which has grown up in the wake of her picturesque career. For several decades she slept in obscurity. The *Washington Post* for Sunday, Feb. 22, 1891, ran a feature on her life under the headline "She Was a Holy Terror." The demolition of a "little red brick house" wherein she had lived brought another contribution to the same paper on Oct. 6, 1901.

The credit for the first serious work on her life and letters goes to Mrs. Sarah Harvey Porter, who published a work cited previously, of 298 pages in 1908 which was reissued with wider margins in 1909.

Mrs. Royall's writings are often used by historians and biographers. Colyar in his biography of Jackson, quotes a 250-word description of Mrs. Royall's about Gen. John Coffee. Marquis James in his monumental biography of Jackson, quotes to the length of a half-page of Mrs. Royall's account of Melton's Bluff, owned by the President. He terms her "a lady of experience" and cites her opinion of Jackson's ward. Mrs. Royall also bobs up occasionally in historical novels. Samuel Hopkins Adams thus describes her:

"Mistress Royall's was a vivid personality. She was about thirty now; short, dumpy, quick, not uncomely, with deep, merry blue eyes, gleaming white teeth, and an air of elastic and indomitable self-confidence. Notwithstanding her comport of unimpeachable respectability, there was yet a vagrom look in her eye as of one who might have gone a-gypsying in her teens."

Blankenhorn has called her "The Grand-ma of the Muckrakers" and says of her "She founded the trusts in our national anthology of hates—the beef trust, the wool monopoly, the money power—in quite those words."

Richardson Wright's book "Forgotten Ladies," published in 1928 devotes the sixth chapter to Mrs. Royall under the heading "The Widow with the Serpent's

Tongue." He calls her a "widow extraordinary," "mistress of spirited invective," and "a sort of female William Cobbett." In "Ladies of the Press," by Ishbel Ross, published in 1936, some pages are devoted to Mrs. Royall in Chapter III, which is entitled "A Scold, a Siren and a Star."

Many are the sobriquets that have been bestowed upon Mrs. Royall. She has been called "policewoman of truth," "the terror of Washington lawmakers," "a sort of Anthony Comstock in petticoats," "the bookwriting lady," "that termagant who edited the *Huntress*," "a familiar and not always welcome figure in the public places and gatherings of the capital," "America's first real woman reporter" and "virago in ink." The centenary of her founding *The Huntress* has been called "a red-letter day in District of Columbia history."

FINALLY a word should be said about that incident for which perhaps Mrs. Royall is most famous in the popular mind. She is supposed on one occasion to have sat upon the clothes of President John Quincy Adams, who was swimming in the Potomac, until he gave her an interview. This anecdote is undoubtedly apocryphal, but its origin has some basis in fact. Adams records in his diary for April 10, 1827, the following:

"I have already been tempted by the prevailing warm weather to bathe in the Potomac, but have been deterred by the catarrh still hanging upon me, and by the warnings of physicians, whose doctrines are not in harmony with my experience. I took, however, for this morning's walk the direction to the river, and visited the rock whence I most frequently go into the river."

He Found a Shoe

[Continued from page 7]

other great political cartoons, where the artist deprives his victim of all human understanding."

One evening at the theater, Roy W. Howard whispered to Mr. Kirby: "If anything happens to the *New York World* I hope you will come over to the *Telegram* with us." Soon afterwards the *World-Telegram* came into being and there Mr. Kirby continued lashing out at greed ("the greatest human failing and motivation"); intolerance; falsity; fallacy.

HE sometimes doubts the pulling power of some of his work, but to be reassured one need only recall a single creation, his scarecrow "Mr. Dry," which became the symbol of prohibition hypocrisy.

His famous puppet with the clerical figure (more comical than grotesque or savage), the long face drawn in a smirk, the lengthy, dank hair, flat shoes and umbrella, danced across the pages of the *World* and was reproduced, or "borrowed" all over the nation. Metal and porcelain reproductions, even rag dolls, were patterned after it. Mr. Kirby officially buried "Mr. Dry" in a cartoon on Nov. 9, 1933.

Many of the books and feature articles already cited have recounted this supposed interview of Mrs. Royall as a biographical fact. Actually there is no direct evidence to support it, save the fact that President Adams did bathe in the Potomac at times, and that Mrs. Royall was a journalist.

She did not commence editing her newspaper *Paul Pry*, however, until Adams had been out of office nearly three years (December, 1831). This story has gained a surprising vogue and currency, and in the syndicated cartoon feature "Strange As It Seems" by John Hix appeared a drawing of the supposed episode, published in the *Washington Star* for January 15, 1938. Anne Royall never mentions such an interview, and she would be the last person in the world not to revel in such a journalistic *tour de force*.

Mrs. Royall has caught the imagination of the modern age in many ways. Ours is a time of brickbats and epithets and Mrs. Royall would be in her own were she alive today. Her denunciations, storms of criticism, and the almost savage way she leapt upon her adversaries and demolished them seems to strike a responsive chord in the modern iconoclastic breast.

Perhaps the last word on Mrs. Royall will one day be written by a psychologist with a strong literary bent, along the lines of Bonaparte's brilliant three-volume analytical study of Edgar Allan Poe, published in 1933 with the blessing of Sigmund Freud. She may have been "chuck full of negative virtues," and possessed of a mercurial temperament, but all the same she was a genius in her own way.

It has been observed that about the greatest thing a person can accomplish is to require posterity to explain his or her life. Mrs. Royall has achieved just this.

"I was almost sorry to see him go," the cartoonist was quoted on that date. "I was almost getting fond of the old bum."

Later there were some to doubt that "the old bum" originated on Mr. Kirby's drawing board. On this matter he published this statement:

"Although I have been honest in the feeling that I actually invented the puppet in question, such are the tricky processes of the human mind that it is possible that in some convoluted lobe of the brain which is the storehouse of dimly remembered things the impression of this figure lay dormant awaiting the time when such a situation as the 18th Amendment should bring it forth as an original offering.

"Heaven knows I don't wish to claim credit for something not my own and my satisfaction is that . . . unconsciously plagiarized or not, it perhaps helped in some small measure to bring about Repeal."

That is a typical statement from the gentle Kirby who draws devastating but never vicious cartoons on the folkways, mores, political and economic aspects of American life. He is brilliantly analytical. His personal slant would be called left of

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center by some and perhaps he parades this fact slightly. But he is a forthright person and willing to pay such toll as is exacted of an aggressive liberal who is not afraid to make up his mind.

HIS ideology is uniquely American. While he fights to control as much of the world's goods and services as he can, he battles for mass betterment and sticks to practicalities.

He usually draws from his own ideas. In all his years of productivity, with thousands of suggestions received for cartoon ideas through the mails, he has borrowed only one picture idea from his public. He watches the progress of the news carefully, arrives at the office early with the morning papers, sketches a rough draft of an idea and submits it for approval. After the idea is okayed it never takes him very long to produce the finished product.

He says making cartoons is like making buttons and that he is glad so few people have thought of it as an occupation. Then in a moment of reflection he admits that it takes years to "iron your mind out" and develop simplicity and power as a cartoonist.

After the day's work is over, he tells you, there is never a thought about cartooning until the next morning.

FOR, in between time, Mr. Kirby likes to play kelly pool with his cronies at the Players Club, breathing air so thick with smoke and so stagnant that once a member complained and Kirby replied, "This

air was good enough for John Booth (founder of the Players Club) and it should be good enough for you; and besides it's the same air."

Or he may be writing editorials, which he formerly did regularly for the *World*. Or writing poetry, which he does exceedingly well, being published in the *New Yorker*, and that magazine's anthologies.

Perhaps he will spend his off-hours mapping a fishing trip. He loves both the doing and the planning, and it's a rare stream he hasn't combed from Manhattan to Montana. And maybe he'll be entertaining, at his lovely Connecticut home, at his hotel, or at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Langdon W. Post, wife of New York's former Tenement House Commissioner.

"I've been very fortunate," he confides, "in my friends. My happiest moments have been with O. Henry, Kipling, Sir James Barrie, Eva Lucas, Frank Swinerton, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other great people I have admired."

He is aware of a great cultural and spiritual lag in the world and realizes keenly his obligation to fight the rise of hate. He is not out of patience with the progress which is being made and believes that in time an actual, working League of All Nations will be formed. Of the part his fellows of art may play in the world coming, he refers you to Whistler's aphorism on that subject. He said he believed it ran something like this: "Art happens, no potentate commands it and no hovel is safe from it."

Trends in Newspaper Making

[Concluded from page 4]

ing American newspaper scene is the fact that newspapers have not followed the tendency of 5, 10, 15 years ago which seemed to indicate that the newspaper was eventually going to become nothing more than a glorified comic and recipe section. It seems to me in studying newspapers from all parts of the country that they are

all going back to some degree to the very sound theory that a newspaper must be first a newspaper and print the news.

I believe, for example, that present ratio of features is just about maximum. I do not think, in a general way, that newspapers will go further away from the very basic idea of printing the news.

If Editors Were Referees

[Concluded from page 5]

the acts of men in public life and the merits of issues before the people.

The good referee doesn't call fouls on only one team, or just because he doesn't like the cut of a captain's jib or because the forward is redheaded and he doesn't like redheads.

And the good editor shouldn't criticize and belittle every substantial action of Congress—for instance—because he doesn't like Roosevelt, or level blasts at every utterance of a Republican statesman because he dislikes John Hamilton or Dr. Glenn Frank.

I doubt seriously whether an editor has a right to take an active part in the af-

fairs of any political party and I'm downright sure there should never be such a thing as a "Democratic newspaper," or a "Republican newspaper."

I feel with equal certainty that if this "basketball referee" attitude could be injected into the minds of all editors in this country some night while they sleep we'd see such a resurgence of editorial prestige in this country in six months as would for a long time silence those who fear a loss of freedom of the press.

RALPH M. RICE (Georgia '38) has joined the staff of the Cedartown (Ga.) *Standard*.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Edna Ferber's Own Story

A PECULIAR TREASURE, by Edna Ferber. 398 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. \$3.

When a writer such as Edna Ferber takes time out from her novels, short stories and plays to reflect upon her own story, pauses to consider the pathway her career has followed, then chronicles the result, one approaches the resulting autobiography with considerable expectation.

As an admirer of the work of Edna Ferber—the once small-town newspaper reporter who made good there, then went on to newspaper work in a larger city, where she again made the grade, then went on to best sellers and prestige—we so approached "A Peculiar Treasure." And, without further ado may we observe that we were not disappointed.

In "A Peculiar Treasure" Edna Ferber has written a delightful and penetrating story of the time in which she has lived.

She calls it a "rather haphazard account" of her life. It is not, as she notes, an autobiography of the "soul baring" variety. It isn't really a story of her life, she continues, but the story of an American Jewish family in the past half century—a story of the America which she knows and loves and about which she has written so feelingly.

The story begins in Kalamazoo, Mich., where Edna Ferber was born. It moves from there to Chicago; to Ottumwa, Iowa; to Appleton, Wis.

It was in Appleton that the writing career which was to lead to literary heights began. Edna Ferber, at 17, became a reporter for Sam Ryan on the Appleton *Daily Crescent* at a wage of three dollars week. Her experiences from that point on will interest and entertain almost anyone who reads—and for the writing man and woman are indeed fascinating. For Edna Ferber trod the same journalistic treadmill that thousands of others have trod before and since—but she walked with resolution and determination that got her somewhere.

A new and hard-boiled city editor ended her career on the *Crescent* after a year and a half. Just at that point she had an offer to join the Milwaukee *Journal* staff. What a break! Three years of fun, work and play followed—then, her health gone, Edna Ferber left the *Journal*—never to return to newspaper work again.

Presently came a return to health and the sale of her first short story—to *Everybody's*. From that point the story moves swiftly onward—to New York, to Europe, back home again. The stories back of famed stories that have appeared under the Ferber by-line—"Fanny Herself," "The Girls," "So Big," "Show Boat," "Cimarron," "Come and Get It," and others.

Famous names, famous people, incidents and anecdotes—experiences that come only to the man or woman who makes a successful career of writing.

THE QUILL for April, 1939

Book Bulletins

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, An Autobiography by Ida M. Tarbell. 412 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.50.

One of America's foremost journalistic figures—whose eighty-second birthday will be next November—at last takes time to survey her own busy and accomplished life. Her writing career began as contributing editor of the *Chautauqua* magazine; for 21 years she was on the staff of *McClure's* and later on the *American Magazine* where she worked with Ray Stannard Baker, William Allen White, Lincoln Steffens, Peter Dunne and other writers of note.

WE SAW IT HAPPEN, by 13 Correspondents of the New York Times. 379 pp. Simon and Schuster, New York. \$3.

A lively, exciting and revealing book treating of Washington; the last days of Austria; Americana; Hollywood; Wall Street; England; the South Pole; Sports; the Stage; Japan; Tammany Hall; the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and other newsworthy subjects. The 13 correspondents are: Arthur Krock, G. E. R. Gedy, F. Raymond Daniell, Frank Nugent, Douglas W. Churchill, Elliott V. Bell, Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., Russell Owen, John Kiernan, William R. Conklin, Hugh Byas, Brooks Atkinson and Louis Stark.

DAYS OF OUR YEARS, by Pierre Van Paassen. 520 pp. Hillman-Curt Inc., New York.

This unusual biography—a chronicle of a Dutch newspaper correspondent's contacts with historic and often horrible events in France, Germany, Morocco, Syria, Palestine, Ethiopia and Spain—is attracting an ever-growing audience. It presents unusual sidelights on many figures in the international news, offers backgrounds and interpretations of the times. It is the biography of a generation—that generation living in the troubled era from 1903-1938.

INVISIBLE EMPIRE, by Stanley F. Horn. 434 pp. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$3.50.

Here, for the first time, is the full story of the old Ku Klux Klan, 1866-1871, from its origin, through episode after episode, with a wealth of incident. The author is editor of the *Southern Lumberman* and lives in Nashville, Tenn. The book includes a series of pictures pertaining to the Klan and other material appended which shows the structure of the organization.

Of writing as a career, Miss Ferber observes: "writing is not an amusing occupation. It is a combination of ditch-digging, mountain climbing, treadmill and childbirth. Writing may be interesting, absorbing, exhilarating, racking, relieving. But amusing? Never!"

Elsewhere in "A Peculiar Treasure," she adds, "It's been worth it. I don't regret a single sweated hour. Better old age and soda mint tablets than never to have written at all."

It's good to know that the long hours she has spent at writing have brought satisfaction and happiness to her—for they certainly have to this reviewer, and, he is sure, to countless others.—R. L. P.

Open Sesame!

MAGAZINE WRITING AND EDITING, by Mitchell V. Charnley and Blair Converse. 352 pp. The Cordon Co., Inc., New York. \$3.25.

Radically different in its organization and presentation; amazingly complete in detail; full of vital information to the man or woman expecting to make a career of writing and editing; and beautifully designed and printed is this volume on magazine making.

First, the would-be writer is taken behind the scenes of an editorial office. Here the authors had the unusual cooperation of a magazine—*Better Homes & Gardens*—which gave them freedom to the files, offices and inner affairs of the production of that magazine.

Sixty-four pages of a typical issue of the magazine appear at the opening of the book, reprinted from the original plates. Having examined the actual pages of the magazine, the reader is then taken to the various departments to show just what happened in the making of that issue from the time a manuscript first tumbled out of the mail until the editors placed their final OK on the proofs.

Part Two of the book analyzes different types of articles, giving examples; discusses the finding of subjects, the gathering of material and other problems of the writer. Part Three discusses aids to the writer, his relations with editors, his rights and other pertinent details of this business of writing.

The authors are men of wide experience in the practical and teaching field—Mr. Charnley, now a member of the journalism faculty at the University of Minnesota, and Mr. Converse, head of the Department of Technical Journalism at Iowa State College.

Books and Authors

Newspaper folks and others who enjoyed Elizabeth Jordan's autobiography, "Three Rousing Cheers," in which she told of journalistic experiences as a newspaper-woman on the New York *World* and as editor-in-chief of *Harper's Bazaar*, will be interested to know that her first novel—"After the Verdict"—has made its appearance. The new book is a story of a young woman innocently involved in a serious crime. Like "Three Rousing Cheers," it is published by the D. Appleton-Century Co.

Thomas Polsky, for four years a reporter on the staff of the late *Akron Times-Press*, makes his bow as a writer of mystery yarns with "Curtains for the Editor," a lively newspaper mystery. It is published by Dutton's.

Florence Finch Kelley's autobiography, "Flowing Stream," the story of her 55 years of newspaper service and of her personal background, is being brought out by Dutton's.

Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi

(From a Founders' Day Message by
George A. Brandenburg, National Pres-
ident of Sigma Delta Chi.)

SIGMA DELTA CHI will reach the age of 30 on April 17.

Thirty years ago William Howard Taft was in the White House. The Wright brothers had perfected a machine, known as the "aeroplane" that could sail in the air at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The "wireless telegraph," forerunner of radio as we know it today, was in its infancy. Halftones were a decided luxury in newspapers, and rotogravure was unknown in this country. Such was the setting that marked the beginning of Sigma Delta Chi, when 10 young men students at DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., banded together in the interest of better journalism.

While it is fitting that we pay tribute at this time to these men, it is equally important that we evaluate the fraternity's place in the field of journalism. The contribution that Sigma Delta Chi has made to journalism is difficult to measure entirely in concrete terms. Many of our members have risen to positions of great responsibility. Others are serving journalism in comparatively humble, but none the less essential posts. Still others are beginners, who are training themselves to create a more effective press of tomorrow.

This legion is pledged to practical idealism, and to "perpetuate a profession based on freedom to learn and publish the facts; that believes in publicity as the forerunner of justice; that is as jealous of the right to utter unpopular opinions as of the privilege to agree with the majority, that regards itself as the interpreter of today's events and the mirror of tomorrow's expectations; that ascribes motives only when motives go to the heart of the issue; and, finally, that lays its own claims to service on a vigilance that knows no midnight and courage that knows no retreat."

GRANTED that the press has its faults. No one will admit this more readily than those within the profession who are qualified to pass judgment. The same thing can be said of any other profession or business. The important thing is: What are we, as members of the largest journalistic organization in America saying and doing about the place and function of the newspaper in contemporary society?

Consider the remarks of Marco Morrow, assistant publisher of the Capper Publications, in answering critics: "The newspaper is not a haphazard hodgepodge of miscellany created by diverse and varying minds. It is and must be a homogeneous entity, the product of definite pur-

pose and policy. It is impossible wholly to differentiate the functions of the counting room and the editorial department. They are members of one body and the directing head may as well and as legitimately reside in the counting room as in the editorial chair. The vital point is the ideals and purpose of the head. If his purpose is sometimes rotten, it is not necessarily because he sits among the money changers. It's because he's just naturally a rotter."

When Sigma Delta Chi members do their part to maintain a free and honest press they contribute in no small measure to the well-being of this nation.

★

WISCONSIN's 15th annual Gridiron banquet was attended by 350 students, faculty member and townspeople, who heard James R. Young (Indiana Professional), Tokio manager of *INS*, describe the Far-Eastern situation. The traditional red derby award was presented to the Rev. Dr. Edwin Moll, Madison minister who denied the charge that the University of Wisconsin needed a morals clean-up. . . . The chapter's Fourth Annual Wisconsin Weekly Newspaper contest, open to weeklies of the state with paid circulation, closed April 15. Winners will be announced at the Wisconsin Press Association meeting in Madison, April 20, 21 and 22. Entries are being received and judged in eight classifications.

IOWA STATE awarded trophies at the Iowa Press Association meeting, March 25, to winners in the chapter's four contests, conducted annually. Robert Crossley, chapter president, presented the awards. . . . John Van Der Linden was selected by the chapter to head the publication board of its humor magazine, *Green Gander*. Joe Martin was re-elected business manager of the magazine. . . . Sec Taylor (Iowa State Professional), sports editor, the *Des Moines Register*, recently spoke at a professional meeting of the chapter.

Distinguished guest at a recent meeting of the **GRINNELL** chapter was Harry L. Hopkins, secretary of commerce. Hopkins, a Grinnell graduate of 1912, talked informally to the chapter members about his days as editor of *Scarlet and Black*, the college newspaper. With Hopkins at the meeting was Victor Sholis (Illinois '30), his press representative. . . . The chapter, installed Jan. 11, 1919, celebrated its twentieth anniversary recently.

MINNESOTA's Sob Sister Ball, held annually, rated *Life* (April 3, p. 83) with a photograph of Robert Hillard (Minnesota '39), editor of the *Minnesota Daily*, interviewing the co-ed acclaimed the best weeper. . . . The first of a series of open forum meetings on current newspaper problems was sponsored recently by the **MINNESOTA** chapter. Discussion centered on the question of whether or not newspapers are giving adequate and consecutive treatment of news of the government.

PENN STATE's eighth annual Gridiron dinner was held last month with Tommy

Richardson, Connie Mack's official jester for the Athletics, as speaker. A circus theme was used. . . . This spring the chapter is conducting a state-wide high school reporters' contest. Cash prizes, donated to the chapter by the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' association, will go to those student reporters on professional newspapers who have done the best writing of news and feature stories during the year. Winners of the contest will be announced late in April at the annual high school convention sponsored by SDX and the department of journalism.

The 1939 version of Flickertail Follies, **NORTH DAKOTA** chapter's all-campus show, will be staged April 17 and 18. Russ Asleson, chapter member, will direct the show. . . . Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Prague journalist, was speaker at the university convocation, Feb. 3, sponsored by the North Dakota chapter. . . . Howard W. Blakeslee (Purdue Professional) spoke at a Professional meeting of the **CORNELL** chapter March 6. The chapter's Delicate Brown Dinner (gridiron) is being revived this year and will be held April 21 at the Ithaca Hotel. . . . The **NEBRASKA** chapter cooperated with the Nebraska Press association in arranging for that organization's state-wide meeting March 23, 24 and 25. . . . Herbert Heimlich (Purdue Professional), city editor, the *Lafayette* (Ind.) *Journal and Courier*, spoke at a professional meeting of the **PURDUE** chapter March 23, giving a comparison of Australian, English and American newspapers.

THE regional meeting being sponsored by the **DALLAS** professional chapter will be held April 15. James E. Crown, editor, the *New Orleans* (La.) *States*, and Gene Howe, publisher, the *Amarillo* (Tex.) *Globe and News*, will be the principal speakers at the all-day meeting which will feature professional discussions. Those who attended the Dallas convention know that the entertainment will be good, too.

The **NEW YORK CITY** professional chapter's Founders' Day dinner will be held April 17 at Midston House, 22 East 38th St., Howard W. Blakeslee (Purdue Professional) *Associated Press* science editor, will be a principal speaker. John A. Crone (Columbia '23), Bureau of Industrial Service, Inc., is secretary and in charge of arrangements. . . . **MARQUETTE'S** Founders' Day meeting has been set for April 30.

Barclay Acheson, associate editor of *Reader's Digest*, an authority on foreign affairs, was the principal speaker at the spring meeting of the **DETROIT** professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, held March 27 in the Cafe Old Madrid. After completing his prepared address, Mr. Acheson conducted an open forum discussion on current affairs and, at the request of the group, discussed *Reader's Digest* and its method of operation.

The Detroit group holds an informal luncheon meeting every Thursday at 12:00 o'clock noon in the Cafe Old Madrid—a round table being reserved for the group.

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

JOHN E. ALLEN (Washington and Lee Professional), editor of the *Linotype News*, was awarded a gold key at the latest convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, at Columbia University. The citation that accompanied the key ran as follows: "John E. Allen, editor of the *Linotype News*, a speaker on the convention program for the last 13 years, whose unquestioned leadership in the advantageous use of type in the professional press has been reflected in school publications and whose readiness to aid the student editors individually and in their press conferences has been a valued and appreciated asset to the success of their several tasks." Mr. Allen spoke on "Modern Trends in Newspaper Makeup." He gave two talks on the same subject March 31 at the University of Pittsburgh.

PRENTISS COURSON (Georgia '29), formerly with the Albany (Ga.) *Herald*, is now on the editorial staff of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*.

KARIN WALSH (Northwestern '37) became Sunday editor of the *Chicago Daily Times* Feb. 1.

HYMAN CHESTER (Colorado '37) recently joined the staff of the North Platte (Neb.) *Daily Bulletin* as sports editor. FRED W. SPERS (Stanford '28) is editor and publisher of the *Daily Bulletin*.

SIDNEY J. JACOBS (Northwestern '38) recently was appointed managing editor of the *Advocate*, formerly the *Reform Advocate*, Chicago's oldest American-Jewish weekly.

STUART D. DISTELHORST (Purdue '35) has resigned as technical editor of *Air Conditioning & Oil Heat*, New York, effective Feb. 20, to join the sales promotion staff of Cochrane Corporation, Philadelphia.

HOWARD R. CLISHAM (Georgia '38) is associated with the Citizen Publishing Co., Brookline, Mass., publishers of the *Roxbury Citizen*, the *Brookline Citizen* and the *Allston-Brighton Citizen*.

FRANCIS COFFEY (Iowa '39) has transferred this year from the University of Iowa to the University of Arizona for his senior year.

WAYE V. HARSHA (Illinois Professional), Jan. 12, was named adviser to student publications at Ohio State University. Before going to the university to do graduate study last September, Harsha was managing editor of *National Printer Journalist*, Springfield, Ill. A banquet in his honor was held Jan. 25.

HOWARD M. NORTON (Florida '32) left the campus at Gainesville shortly after graduation for the Far East, and has remained there. Norton is chief representative in the Far East for the Whaley-Eaton Service of Washington, D. C., covering economic and financial news of the Orient. Prior to taking this position five years ago, he was connected for short periods with the *Japan Advertiser*, *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Japan Times*. Norton's

Heads Northern Californians



H. C. Hendee

As the recently elected president of the Northern California Professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, "Deac" Hendee will play an active part in plans for the national convention of the fraternity to be held on the coast Aug. 31-Sept. 5.

Hendee, manager of the Dow, Jones Pacific Coast service from 1926 to 1929 and editor of the Pacific Coast edition of the *Wall Street Journal* since its inception in October, 1929, began his newspaper work with the Indianapolis *Star* following his graduation from the University of Chicago. He served successively with the *Grand Rapids News*, *Detroit News*, *Oakland Tribune*, *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* before joining the Dow, Jones organization.

headquarters are Bunka Apartments, Ochanomizu, Hongo, Tokyo, Japan.

O. H. HOOD, JR. (Southern Methodist '39) has leased the Irving (Tex.) *News*, a weekly. Hood completed his journalism course in January.

CHARLES FLANNERY (Southern Methodist '38) is general assignment reporter on the Temple (Tex.) *Telegram*.

J. M. HICKERSON (Iowa '20), for four years in the publicity department of General Electric Company at Cleveland, five years advertising and sales promotion manager of The Miller Company of Meriden, Conn., and for nine years account executive and copy writer with Lord & Thomas in New York, has announced the organization of J. M. Hickerson, Inc., advertising agency, located at 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

J. A. DONAN (DePauw '16) is manager of the advertising and sales promotion department of the Standard Oil companies

of New Jersey, Louisiana, and Pennsylvania, and of the Colonial Beacon Oil Company.

JOHN D. BALDRIDGE (Missouri '35), editor, the *Monroe County News*, Albia, Iowa, and Miss Eleanor Ann Perry of Dallas, Texas, were married Feb. 16 at Dallas. They will reside in Chariton, Iowa.

JOHN KNIGHT (Illinois '38) has resigned his position with *Circulation Management* magazine, Chicago, to become associated with Electrical Publications, Chicago.

CHARLES ALEXANDER (Kansas '38) has joined the editorial staff of the *Townsend National Weekly*, Chicago.

GLENN FRIESENECKER (Northwestern '38) has joined the editorial staff of the *Southern Economist*, largest of Chicago's neighborhood weekly newspapers.

MARION MUNDIS (Kansas '37) has resigned his position as federal court reporter for the *City News Bureau*, Chicago, to join the editorial staff of the *Official Detective Magazine*, Chicago.

HILTON U. BROWN (Butler Professional), secretary-treasurer of the Indianapolis (Ind.) *News*, was one of nine Indianapolis civic leaders who were recently named the first members of "The Staff of Honor," symbolic of outstanding service to the community.

The Belleville (Kan.) *Telescope*, of which A. Q. MILLER, SR. (Kansas) is publisher, was cited recently by the Kansas State College chapter of Sigma Delta Chi as the outstanding paper of the state "for presenting news to the rural community in the most interesting fashion during 1938."

JOSEPH B. COWAN (Missouri '29) has joined the journalism staff at Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas. Cowan received his bachelor and master's degrees from Missouri in 1929 and 1932. He taught journalism at Texas Christian University from 1929 until 1933. His active newspaper work includes a year as editor of the Pico (Calif.) *Times-Post* and four years as editor of the San Saba (Texas) *Star*, of which he is co-owner. He literally grew up on the *Star*, founded by his father, W. D. Cowan, in 1902.

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Attleboro Massachusetts

Campaign for Iron Lungs!

NOW is the time—before the dread infantile paralysis germ begins its annual onslaught against child and adult alike—for America's weeklies, semi-weeklies and dailies to begin campaigns to obtain iron lungs for their respective communities.

Once obtained—an iron lung may not be used for months, perhaps years. That is true. But when it IS needed it will be there available. Fire trucks may not be used every day of the year but no community would want to be without them. Battleships rust into scrap iron without having fired a single shot at an enemy fleet—yet the nations feel it necessary to build bigger and better battleships.

Alert editors and publishers are ever on the lookout for needs of their communities—needs that can be fulfilled through editorial guidance and campaigns. What better campaign could be undertaken this spring than to provide your community with one or more iron lungs?

We hope that scores of communities will undertake such campaigns and will be glad to know of them.

FOR the guidance of other editors and publishers who may undertake to raise funds for the purchase of this equipment, we asked W. W. Frye, editor of the Woodward (Okla.) *Daily Press* to tell the story of that newspaper's successful campaign, completed but a few days ago, for the raising of funds for the purchase of an iron lung. This is his report:

"A drive started by the Woodward *Daily Press* the latter part of January for the purchase of a 'Baby Iron Lung' for the Woodward hospital closed this week with the purchase of the lung being made by doctors of Woodward with funds provided through the newspaper.

"The *Daily Press* is the only newspaper in Oklahoma that has sponsored such a drive, and it was unique in that a large per cent of the donations received were from clubs, churches and other organizations and not from individuals. The newspaper promoted an amateur boxing tournament and a benefit dance. The fund had \$525.67 in it at the end of the campaign.

"Generous newspaper publicity was given the iron lung drive. News stories were sent to 18 northwestern Oklahoma newspapers twice in the promotion of the dance and the boxing tournament. Every newspaper cooperated to its fullest extent, and although bad weather handicapped the dance (only \$25 net profit was gained) the boxing tournament was a huge success. The boxing tournament was sponsored by the newspaper on a percentage basis with the promoter doing all the work and standing costs of advertising and other expense. The fund received \$110 from this source.

"NEXT year the *Daily Press* intends to conduct its own tournament, using members of the staff to a good advantage and giving the profits to the purchase of an oxygen tent or some charity organization.

The newspaper plans to pay the expenses of the winning fighters to the Oklahoma City Golden Gloves to fight as a Woodward team. The *Daily Press* believes that an annual event of this type should be sponsored by the newspaper of the community, for we have more than doubled our investment in the tournament, and the favorable comment received is well worth the time spent in its promotion.

"There were exactly 97 donors to the *Daily Press* Fund.

AS WE VIEW IT

The newspaper enlisted the support of home demonstration clubs, churches, Sunday schools, lodges, dance clubs, unions and every other type of organization in the area. They all came through, some with \$1 donations; others, \$5; some \$10, and one church gave \$50 from a collection taken in Sunday school for the drive.

"This shows the type of support received. As editor of the paper, I went to one pie supper and acted as master of ceremonies in a rural com-

munity, and the goodwill that we aroused there was more than worth our time at the meeting. The pie supper netted \$20 for the fund.

"IN December, 1938, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Lawrence, the publishers, were approached with the idea of sponsoring the drive. They agreed that it would be a good idea and good publicity for the newspaper. We did not break any story until the last of January, and from that time on club after club voted funds to the purchase of the baby iron lung.

"Getting back to the promotions, we believe that with the donations any newspaper can receive from clubs and with one or two promotions (which also give the newspaper a good bit of advertising and good will) any drive will be a success.

"It has been work, we have had our bits of grief, but we have received enough favorable comment to offset any irritation we have encountered.

"We intend to put the names of every donor of \$5 or more on a plaque or printed page and have it framed and placed in the room where the iron lung is kept.

"Our next goal will be the purchase of an oxygen tent, and we probably will establish a regular fund to keep it in operation free to those unable to pay \$4 to \$8 a day for oxygen used."

White Says It!

IF you want to read one of the best pieces penned recently in regard to the press—look up William Allen White's "How Free Is the Press," which appeared in *Collier's* for April 8, 1939.

We are not going to make lengthy "quotes" of that article here. It should be read in its entirety. Mr. White says it is stupid to say that the American press is shackled, that we are in no great danger of a "controlled press."

He points out that good will is the essence of the publishing business and that this good will depends upon: "Social and professional intelligence, moral courage and fundamental honesty.

"These three essentials in establishing and maintaining good will," he continues, "are not always easy either practically to define or actually to attain. If the publisher, merely greedy either for profits or power, thinks he is only merchandising news and advertising service or if he feels that so long as he stands for the payroll he is free to color the news he sells (which means to peddle poison) he violates his goodwill and eventually wrecks his property.

"His 'freedom' as a publisher is only relatively absolute. He is in the end only as 'free' as he is wise. Thus not only has the word 'press' lost the meaning it held in the 19th century, but the word 'freedom' has also new connotations. The investing newspaper publisher is only influential so long as the public believes in his integrity. He is on leash to his readers. When his readers leave, his advertisers follow."

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

top man in the hallway show that moment.

"Mr. Inukai. I wish to meet Mr. Inukai," Young announced.

BY this time, quite a crowd had gathered at this American invasion of a Premier's house and he was getting nearer the exit than the entrance. The student with the near-English accumulation disappeared.

Young decided a pipe would help things out and proceeded to fill it and light it. That didn't help matters, but the more mystified his observers as to what sort of foreign barbarian had entered the virtually fortified precincts.

"Please come. Please come in," were the words he heard from a heavy set man who appeared from behind the milling hallway crowd.

Young's eye caught a Phi Beta Kappa key. What ho! This was getting interesting. It wasn't the Premier but what sort of man was this? Tinges of gray in the hair, a full round face, an intelligent appearing man.

Swiftly Young followed his guide into a small furnished room a la American style.

"PLEASE sit down," smiled the Japanese. "I am Dr. Uyehara, a son-in-law of Mr. Inukai."

He explained that he was a graduate of the law department of the University of Washington and that the Phi Beta Kappa key was genuine.

"What did Mr. Young wish to know?"

This WAS a break. Here was a man close to the premier-designate, who spoke perfect English, and who seemed willing to help a correspondent.

Could he speak with Mr. Inukai? Could he have the names of the men being named to the cabinet?

Dr. Uyehara disappeared through a sliding paper bamboo door into an adjoining room. Some 10 minutes later he reappeared with a piece of paper and some tea. The piece of paper bore the names of cabinet members. Some of the new members were in foreign cities and had not yet been informed of their appointments. It was an unprecedented procedure to hand out such complete and authoritative information before a cabinet had gone to the palace.

SO far, so good. But the big story remained—would Japan go off the gold standard?

"The gold standard?"

Dr. Uyehara wasn't sure. He disappeared again behind the sliding paper door. A few minutes later he returned—this time with Inukai.

Speaking through Dr. Uyehara as an interpreter, Inukai said that Japan would abandon the gold standard. As for foreign policy, that would be left to the new foreign minister, then in Paris. Navy and Army policies were discussed. A few minutes of this and Inukai arose, signifying the end of the interview.

THE QUILL for April, 1939

Young, all excited over this direct interview, left as quickly as was diplomatically possible.

OUTSIDE, he could not find his shoes. The young student he had met at the door on his entrance appeared at his side.

"No shoes? So sorry! Please wait!"

He returned a few seconds later with a pair of Inukai's bedroom slippers.

Young shuffled through the snow to his cab, hastened to the telegraph office and filed his story. At the end of the message he paraphrased the famed last line of the play, "The Front Page"—"the so-and-so stole my watch"—saying that his shoes had been stolen and that he was filing in his stocking feet.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* has quite a reputation for an almost uncanny habit of presenting articles "right on the nose" although the magazine is planned and



Cecil Carnes

printed six weeks or more ahead of publication date.

We almost pulled one on those "on the nose" stunts ourselves in the March issue. Cecil Carnes' interesting story on Rollin Kirby was planned for the March issue, then for one reason or another was held over for the April issue. Had we used it in March it would have appeared just about the time Kirby's resignation from the *New York World-Telegram* was announced. It's still timely, however, and more interesting than ever in view of what has happened.

Cecil Carnes is an Ohio State graduate who gained his journalistic spurs on a goodly number of Buckeye papers before going to New York some six years ago to join the staff of the *World-Telegram*.

Since he has been in New York City he has covered a wide variety of headline stories and has found time to turn out magazine fiction and articles and two books, "John L. Lewis, Leader of Labor" and "Jungle Drums."

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But
IS IT
ART?

It is dangerous to have fixed ideas about the newspaper business, from an editorial room point of view to the mechanical departments; dangerous to say: "Oh, here's a profession that doesn't change much."

A young editor in the West refused to print an International Art Exhibit halftone of this Cubist bit of sculpture, when it came in called "Horse." "Nonsense," he growled. But the radical idea was used in thousands of newspapers . . . because it was NEWS.

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